EPILOGUE

The sun is just coming over the horizon and illuminating the streets. There is a large congregation of public servants milling around what appears to be a serious automobile accident. In the middle of the street, is a gray van with its front end ripped open, exposing the front seats to the outside. Several large pieces of smoking metal and rubber debris are scattered on the ground. Two teams of paramedics are rolling stretchers to their ambulances. On top of the stretchers lay seriously injured people draped in white sheets. As one of the stretchers pass in front of a police detective who is dressed in a pale green suit, he taps the shoulder of the youthful paramedic at the rear of the stretcher."

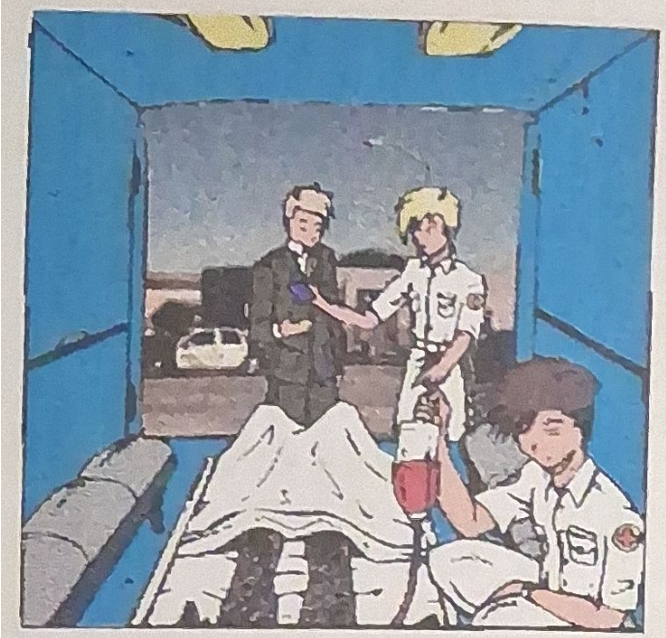
"Wait a minute boys. Is this man still alive? Looks like he's pretty well charred to me.

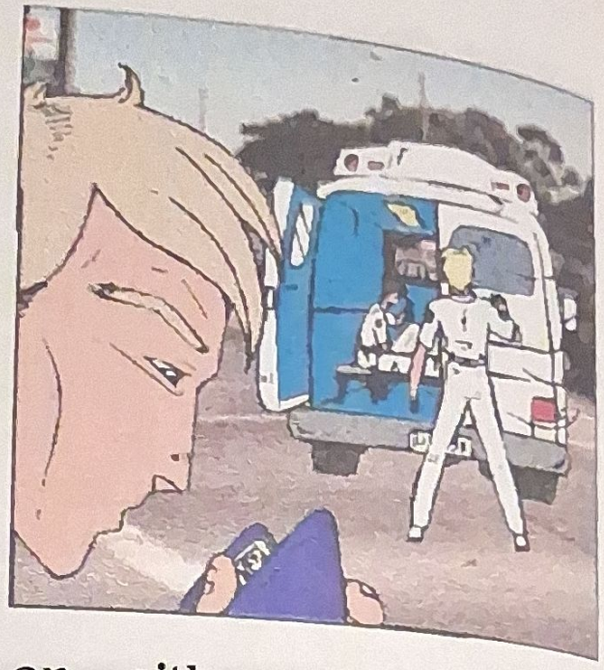
The young paramedic looks into the face of the detective for several seconds without responding. He wonders whether or not this man is intelligent or just another pencil pusher. He contemplates saying something sarcastic, but restrains himself.

"Actually sir, this is not a man, it's a woman. The one on the other stretcher is a man."

The detective walks over to look at the soot covered face of the woman laying on the stretcher.

"Can't tell by looking at her what she is. Hair and eye brows all burned off. Third degree burns covering every inch of her body. She and her boyfriend look like they crashed into a gasoline truck, but that van is the only damaged vehicle on the street. Did you find any kind of identification on her?"





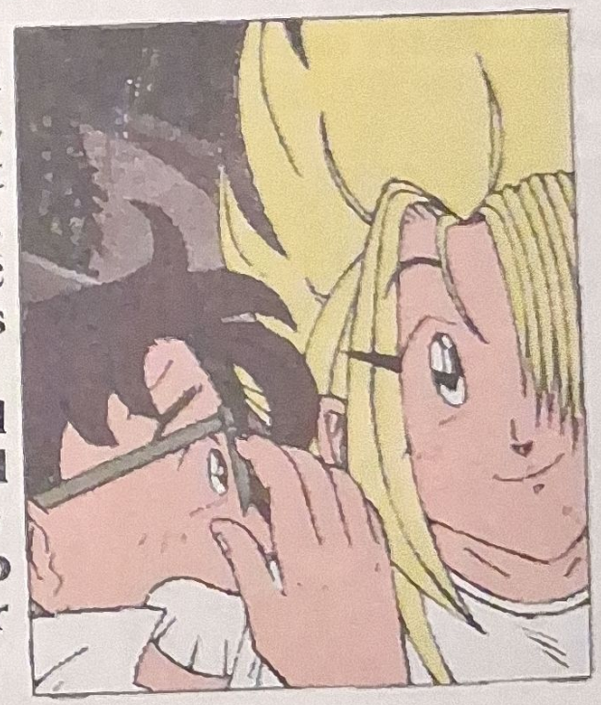
Positioning themselves on either side of the stretcher, the two paramedics collapse the wheels and lift the cot into the back of the ambulance. The paramedic who was talking with the detective reaches in his pocket and takes out a blue wallet.
"I found this wallet in the pocket of her tattered pants. By the looks of their clothes, I think she and the other one belong to the WCTT gang."

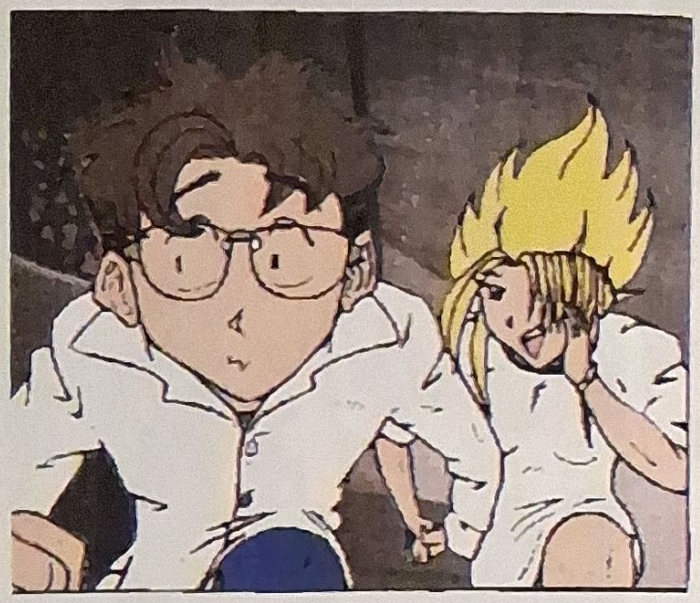
The detective takes the wallet and opens it up.
"Mmmm... a UCLA student ID. Why would a smart girl like this join a wild bunch of street punks? Oh well, it's too late for reasons now.

The detective turns and beckons to a policeman standing in the middle of the intersection.
"Mike, you and Joe follow these ambulances to the hospital. Keep the two injured parties under room arrest. They're suspected kidnappers."

A few miles away, Carol is clinging tightly to Allen as she flies him over the rooftops in the direction he is pointing to.
"Carol, land in front of that apartment building over there."

Carol lands gently with Allen in her arms near the front entrance of the apartment building. It is early sunrise on Sunday, and no people or cars are seen on the streets. Allen nervously looks around for anyone who witnessed a girl and boy flying around the neighborhood. Allen grabs Carol's hand and quickly pulls her up the stairway to the front entrance of the building. Halfway up the stairs, he leans over and speaks softly into her ear.
"Carol, it's early and all the neighbors are still asleep. How 'bout we quietly tiptoe inside to my... uh... I mean, our apartment."





Allen turns and continues guiding Carol up the stairway. She cups her hand around her mouth to tell him something that seems immensely important to her at the moment. **"Honey, just holding your hand like this gives me goose bumps all over."**

Allen takes keys out of his pocket and opens the door leading to the lobby. Looking up at Carol's smiling face, he informs her were they are headed. **"We're taking the elevator over there to the third floor. Then we'll have to walk down a corridor to our apartment, number 325. So please remember to keep quiet. Okay?"**

Quietly, Carol and Allen ride the elevator to the third floor, and gingerly walk to his apartment. Allen unlocks the door, walks inside and turns on the light in the dim hallway. Surprisingly, Carol grabs him from behind and kicks the door shut with her foot. **"Alone at last!"**

Carol squeezes Allen so hard that it hurts his ribs. She releases him so quickly that he almost falls down. She then turns and walks around the two-room apartment. **"I still don't remember this place. Let's see... we own a plastic table, two folding chairs, three plastic shelf units, a small television, and a mattress. Perfect! I love it! Let's take a shower."**

Allen had not move from the spot where he was standing when he first came into the apartment. His mind is racing a thousand miles per second. Everything had worked out perfect. Now he could keep a close eye on Carol, but she thinks they are married. How long can he keep up this charade?

Carol picks up a towel off a shelf and heads for the bathroom. **"Al... Honey... Hurry up and join me in the shower. I need you to... wash my back."**

Between Rounds with BJ

Due to the incredible success of Japanese manga in the U.S., I felt that the time had come for someone on this side of the ocean to use this form of media to spotlight the adventures, comedy, and attitudes of youth in the culturally diverse cities across America. With the help of my three computer literate brothers and a newly discovered artistic talent, we were able to turn my printed manuscript into a surreal world of illustrated people surrounded by real backgrounds. Our goal was to create an effect that allows readers of all ages to identify with the characters and situations in the story. I hope you have as much fun reading Sugarball Crush as I had writing it. Please write to me and suggest future locations for our stories, and I promise to take you there.

Belinda Jackson

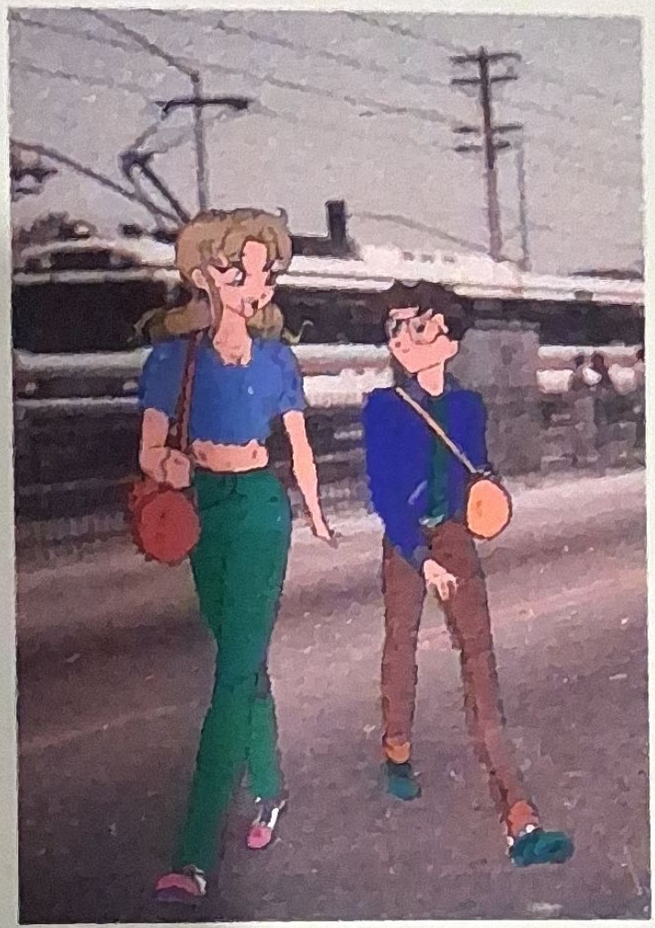
Coming Soon ...

SUGARBALL CRUSH

Book 2 - THE FORETELLING

Sugarball Crush

Story by Beliela Jackson



Many young girls naively enter adulthood searching for true happiness as if life were a fairy tale. But for Carol and Jane, memories of violence and lost friendships have left them with a bitter taste for life. Carol finds peace only in the excitement of combat and the roar of spectators. Jane releases her guilt by using technology to commit acts of revenge and terrorism. Both girls will soon be destroyed by the dark world they have helped to sustain. However, one of them will rise again, like a phoenix from the ashes of her memories. A young admirer will unwittingly change her forever, and she will fight to share a sweeter life with him.